

On the Eve of Home Rule in Ireland, 1914 ¹

Anna Louise Strong

YOU SURELY ARE one of the lucky people of the world," wrote a friend as I was leaving Ireland.² "You have hit Ireland in the middle of the most exciting bit of history that has ever been made in this island. For the first time in seven centuries; Ireland and England are acting side by side, in an armed friendship. For the first time, England is trusting Ireland with her own defense. More changes will come about as the result of Redmond's speech³ and Asquith's statement⁴ about arming the Irish Volunteers, than have come since the two islands came into the relationship that has lasted, in one form or another, since 1171."

Such was the sentiment of Nationalist Ireland at the outbreak of the great war. But among the Irish in America, I found the feeling widely different on my return. Bitterness against Redmond as betrayer of his people, coupled with hope of German success, was very widespread. It would seem that the Irish of the second generation, reared on tales of the grievous wrongs of their parents, have come to feel that loyalty to Ireland is great in proportion to hatred of England, while the Irish in Ireland have watched the growth of mutual understanding between the two islands, have seen both democracies vote together three times for Home Rule, and now are found, a little to their surprise, on the side of their ancient foes.

The fact that England now fights as an ally of their old friend, France, and in defense of little, liberty-loving Belgium, has perhaps contributed much to this result, but deeper reasons would seem to lie in the slow but real change of British policy toward Ireland in the past few years. Just before the signing of the Home Rule Bill almost the only pro-



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² This section excerpted from pp. 7-10.

³ John Edward Redmond (1856-1918), Irish nationalist politician.

⁴ Herbert Henry Asquith (1852-1928), Prime Minister of England, 1908-1916.

Germans I could find in Ireland were a few disgruntled Orangemen, angry at the turn events had taken.

Whether the Irish in Ireland are right in believing a new day has dawned, or whether the Irish in America are right in thinking that England will again betray their confidence, only time will show. In either event, I have indeed, in the past few months, watched at close hand the making of history, and a picture of Ireland in the summer of 1914 seems worth preserving, even though seen by a stranger, who confesses with shame to no previous knowledge of Irish politics or history.

Perhaps even that very fact may make the experiences more worth recording. Coming to Ireland without political bias, or indeed political knowledge, a Protestant, and as such it might seem predisposed to the Unionist cause, I became, during the events covered by these chapters, a lover of Erin, and an ardent Nationalist, with a strong desire to convey to others, not arguments or serious presentation of history, but the flashing pictures of life which gave me my own convictions and made me find in "the fair hills of holy Ireland" almost a second home, a second motherland.

In all pictures of this momentous summer in Ireland, the Irish Nationalist Volunteers must figure largely. Nor must it be supposed that with the coming of war and the passing of the Home Rule Bill, their significance ceased in August, 1914. A similar supposition led to the loss of the Irish Parliament more, than a hundred years ago, and Ireland has no wish to repeat that history.

No Irishman, I imagine, will suppose that the situation shown in these chapters can yet be regarded as ancient history. There is still the Amending Bill to come, still the exasperating delay. Four Ulster counties are still determined that not only they, but five other counties shall be excluded. When the war is over, discussion must again arise, though the common sympathies aroused by common sorrow may make it less bitter. The time "on the eve of Home Rule" is a time not yet passed.

One critic told me, while in Ireland, that the Volunteers had "no military significance." Reading the last phrase in the sound of the crashing civilizations of Europe, I am glad to believe it true. Ireland has given me again a vision of a patriotism which has "no military significance," no desire for conquest, no tendency even in words to belittle other nations, no wish to rule those who do not wish to be ruled. Even at the risk of cutting in two her "holy" island, Nationalist Ireland sadly agreed to allow any county to exclude itself by popular vote. And that Ireland should wish to extend her sway to include other islands, in the common way of nations, could hardly enter the mind of man. It is significant that while to other peoples the land that bore them is a fatherland, male, aggressive, masterful, Ireland is the "little old woman," the beloved Rosaleen, most of all the mother whose sorrows are holy, whose hearth-fire is home to all her wandering sons.

The real significance of the Volunteer movement may indeed prove to be not military, but political, marking the rebirth of a nation and the welding together of many factions by a common spirit. Such political significance would mean an influence which will extend, not only to the securing and defending of Home Rule, but to that greater and more delicate task, the building of a nation that shall be worthy the name given by her poet sons, "Holy Ireland."

Thanks are due to the *Westminster Gazette* for permission to republish these articles. I must also express deep gratitude to Her Excellency, the Countess of Aberdeen,⁵ for making

⁵ Ishbel Maria Gordon, Lady Aberdeen (1857-1939). For a portrait and a brief biography, see the Cork Multitext Project (History Department, University College Cork):

<http://multitext.ucc.ie/d/Ishbel_Maria_Gordon_Lady_Aberdeen_1857-1939>

my visit to Ireland possible, both as a whole and in detail; and to all those many others of high and low degree, through whose courtesy, kindness and hospitality I have come to know this Island of Dreams as a land blessed above other lands by three simple, primitive sentiments, which in one form or other, however changed, must underlie all sound society: love of country, love of the stranger-guest, love of God.

OUT OF THE PAST ⁶

“If you can give me a single reason for having Home Rule, I’d be glad to consider it. I’m perfectly open-minded,” said my Dublin host at dinner, in tones that belied his words. “Will taxes be less? Will the government be more economically managed? I’ve found no one yet who has a reason.”

One does not like to argue with one’s host when he speaks in tones of such determination. Yet, as his words were going quite unchallenged, I ventured slowly, “You should have heard the country people on the West Coast talk. Or you should have watched the Volunteers last Sunday on the route march to Killiney. I’m told they pay three-pence to be allowed to drill, — men who have worked all day for a couple of shillings. They must have reasons.”

“No logical ones,” he answered. “This Home Rule enthusiasm is all sentiment, popular sentiment. Even the advocates of the bill aren’t satisfied with it, except as an opening wedge. But something must be done to still the popular clamor.”

My thoughts raced back to the tenant farmers and the Volunteers. I knew little of high finance, or economy in government. And then I remembered the words of a Limerick man:

“I may be very fond of a friend, and a great admirer of his business methods, but I don’t want him to run my household. Let me be master in my own home.”

After all, it was sentiment. Practical sense there must have been, also; sound financiers and administrators were on both sides of the question. Experts disagreed — it’s the way with experts. But the real reason was not a penny in the tax-rate. The real reason — I faced it proudly — was sentiment, the sentiment that causes all individuals and all nations, when they deem themselves full-grown, to say: “Hands off, we manage our own affairs.” “Give me liberty or give me death,” these were the words of an Irishman.

Out of the past has grown this sentiment; its roots are deep in history. Few lands are so steeped in tradition as Ireland. The Cromwellian plantations, the cruel jest, “Drive them to hell or Connaught,” the Battle of the Boyne, the Act of Union,⁷ — these are spoken of as if they had occurred yesterday. Present political convictions in Ireland are the heritage of the past.

“My conversion to Nationalism,” said a prominent official in the Volunteers, “dates from the Land Agitation. I was a North of Ireland man, a strong Unionist. During my Oxford

For a brief introduction to her work with the Women’s National Health Association of Ireland, see “‘Slainte’: A Story of Health Work in Ireland,” *Survey* 35 (February 12, 1916: 573-574).

⁶ This section excerpted from pp. 42-50.

⁷ The Cromwellian plantations (1649-1652), the cruel jest, “Drive them to hell or Connaught,” the Battle of the Boyne (1690), and the Act of Union (1800), creating the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

vacation I traveled in Donegal with my tutor. I was greatly impressed by the peasants, their soundness, good cheer and intelligence.

"One evening the word came that several evictions would take place on the following day. We went to see them. Of course, we could do nothing to help; we were law-abiding citizens. But the scenes were heart-rending. Women and children weeping, sick people lying by the roadside, more than a dozen families turned out of the homes of their ancestors that the landlord might have a large pasture-field.

"Then overnight the peasants went back to their homes, and, acting on legal advice, closed doors and windows and refused to answer. This made the swearing out of warrants necessary, and for some reason the authorities hesitated. But they placed sentries before each cottage, with instruction to take possession as soon as the place was opened.

"It was a pitiful situation. Men, women and children, sick and well, confined almost without food in their own homes, fearing to open the door lest they lose their dwelling-place forever. On the second day I could stand it no longer. I got a bag, filled it with bread, meat and potatoes, and went from house to house, thrusting the food through doors which I hastily opened and shut.

"'You are defying the law,' a sentry warned me. I didn't believe it, and didn't care. I came that evening with a jaunting car full of provisions, and was arrested on the charge of 'breaking and entering' without owner's consent. This was too ironical to stand, and was changed next day to the charge of encouraging law-breaking. I refused to pay the fine imposed and was sent to jail. I have been a violent Nationalist ever since."

Sentiment again! Logic might easily have shown that land laws may be improved and have been improved without Home Rule. But the facts remain that the men who formed the Land League were also the men who worked for Home Rule. The present can be rightly seen only in the shadow of the past.

More ancient still was the history that haunted my hostess in old Limerick, — "Limerick famed of all, for its well-defended wall." She showed me the treaty-stone on which was signed the treaty, won through the great courage and heroism of a city abandoned by its French allies. The treaty was broken before the ink was dry. She led me to old St. Mary's, once a castle, then a Catholic church, then taken over by Protestant conquerors. There are very few Protestants in Limerick, but the handsome historic churches are reserved for their use, while the many descendants of the race who built and dedicated them are shut out.

"I don't mind their having fine new buildings," said my hostess, "but the old ones were sacred to our faith. And the old altar-stone, rough-hewn, on which mass was first said in our ancient city, is only a curio in their halls, instead of being used as we should use it."

Later in the evening my host took me to his study and brought out statistics and records. "I want to show you," he said, "what we mean by the Protestant Ascendancy. This is a directory of County Limerick officials. I'll check off the religion of each man. And bear in mind that the common people of Limerick are so exclusively Catholic that there are 22,037 children in Catholic National schools and 802 in Protestant National schools."

We went through the list. The Lord Lieutenant of the County was a Protestant; the high sheriff and county inspector of police were Protestants. The county court judge was a Catholic. Only one-fifth of the members of the latest grand jury were Catholics. Of 163 magistrates, 86 were Catholics, slightly more than half.

"Until within the last few years," said my host, "the majority of magistrates in every Catholic county in Ireland has been Protestant. There is a reason for this. Through the centuries the Catholic gentry were oppressed, dispossessed and driven out so effectually that most people of social position, even in the Catholic counties, are Protestant. And officials are appointed chiefly from this class. But there is an increasing number of Catholics, who

have given creditable service in County Councils, who should now be eligible for official appointments.

"I am far from asking," he went on, "that religion should be made either a qualification or a disqualification. I have known Catholic County Councils who appointed a man as county surveyor on the published reason that he was a Protestant, and they wished to give due place to their Protestant neighbors. I have no patience with such an attitude. A man should be appointed for efficiency, not for religion. But when the people of a county are of one religion, and their officials are uniformly of another, it leads to a bad situation. I am complaining against no one, merely pointing out the danger.

"When a small group of gentry going to their own church every Sunday, drive through the whole Catholic population going to another church, the stage is set for a revolution. Barriers of race and class breed misunderstandings enough; when you add the barrier of religion there is no common ground left. Yet some common ground must be found; the alternative is too horrible. I pray that under Home Rule, working side by side, we may find that common ground in the service of a common country."

I marveled at his conclusion. No resentment, though resentment would have been excusable; no desire for a Catholic ascendancy to take the place of the Protestant one. Merely a prayer for brotherhood, a desire to heal the breach. Wherever I went in Ireland it was the same. I searched carefully for signs of Catholic intolerance in the South and West and East, expecting it as only human, but never finding it.

In one county a Unionist land-agent, a Protestant, was elected for twelve successive years to the County Council by a Catholic Nationalist tenantry. "He was the best man running," they said, when asked why they were represented by a man who differed with them on three points. In the twelfth year, when Unionist papers were making bitter charges of Catholic intolerance, he was asked by his constituents to write a letter to the papers giving his own experience. He refused. He was not re-elected. After that his case was cited as a sad example of Catholics throwing out a Protestant. But who cast the first stone. He had allowed statements to go unchallenged which injured, not only the reputation of his constituents, but the cause of Home Rule, on which they had set their hearts.

It was the Northern Protestant, not the Southern Catholic, who insisted upon mixing religion and politics. A hot-headed Kerryman was telling me of a priest who had been removed to a distant county. In the discussion the fact came out that he had been making revolutionary speeches to the Volunteers, criticising the Irish Party and advocating physical force.

"May the devil fly away with him to Cape Horn or farther," said the Kerryman.

"Come now," said I, "it's a priest you're talking about."

"I've nothing to say to any man, priest or no," he replied, "who pretends to be for the people of Ireland and works against the Irish Party. Let him keep to his own business; I'll follow him there. But it's Redmond I follow for Home Rule."

This man was a devout Catholic. In no part of the world, in fact, have I seen such religious devotion as in the South of Ireland. Hour after hour on Sunday the churches are crowded; I have seen even the aisles filled with kneeling men and boys. On weekdays I have noticed two hundred people at an ordinary "early mass." Religious faith enters deeply into the life of the people. When the wife of a popular county gentleman was dangerously ill, every household for miles around said rosaries for her, "storming heaven" for her recovery. But — let not the priest interfere with the Irish Party. "That's not his business," said the Kerryman.

Over against this I set another anecdote of religion and politics, showing the typically northern point of view. Some years ago, Lord E——, a Catholic peer, took in to

dinner at the Castle a lady from Belfast. Accustomed to meeting only Protestants at the Viceregal table, she momentarily forgot the religion of her escort.

"I hear the Catholics down your way have been getting quite decent lately, really quite tolerant," she said.

"How so?"

"I'm told they've elected one of us as mayor of Limerick."

"Ah, yes," he replied, "we have a Protestant mayor in Limerick. I suppose before long you'll be electing a Catholic mayor in Belfast."

The lady's face went white with anger. She brought down two clenched fists on the Viceregal table.

"Never, never," she said.

IN KERRY AFTER THE DUBLIN DISASTER ⁸

I was sitting in a jaunting car in Kerry (the wild mountainous southern county of warm-hearted, fiery people who boast of being "next door to America") when the news first reached me. My hostess came out of a little shop in the streets of Tralee, and flung the words at me.

"Hot work in Dublin," she said grimly. "The soldiers have been shooting civilians, three dead, one hundred wounded."

Of the next few hours I have no coherent memories. A hard search for newspapers, which were all sold out; confused incredulous questions meeting confused unsatisfying answers, a stunned sense that the next moment might bring the end of the world.

For the entire afternoon my work took me out of Tralee to a distant fishing village, where we were the first to bring the news. Each person who heard it seemed shocked into silence. "Bad, bad," was almost the only comment. Then, after a time, when the first daze had passed, instead of rancour or desire for vengeance, one persistent baffling question began to arise in different forms in each mind: "What will it mean for Home Rule?"

"It will put the fear of God into Carson,"⁹ said a man, in low tones.

"The Government will go out," said another.

"Ah, but 'twill stiffen up the Government," said a woman. "Sure there'll be no half measures, now, no exclusion, no amending bill. They'll see we mean business."

"'Tis fearin' I am that 'twill be bad for Home Rule," said another. "Them Unionists will say we're a mob unfit to rule."

Toward the close of the day wild rumors began to fly about. The tension that had been gathering for a week had reached its climax. First had been the time of the King's Conference, with the daily fear that some concession would be made that might defeat Home Rule. Then had come on Saturday the report that the War Office had forbidden soldiers or pensioners to help with the Volunteers — a very serious blow in some quarters to the hope of effective drill. "Sure 'tis England that is drivin' us into opposin' her, whether we will or no," said a car driver who was also a Volunteer.

Official England has seemed to be drifting into a position more and more opposed to the spirit stirring in Ireland. Then had come the Dublin Disaster. The news had passed all day around Tralee. But there was as yet no second news, no word of Birrell's

⁸ This section excerpted from pp. 51-61.

⁹ Edward Henry Carson (1854-1935), lawyer and unionist politician.

statement,¹⁰ of Redmond's speech, of the Lord Mayor's demand for the removal of the Scottish Borderers. No official utterance of any kind had been heard, and no one knew what of conflict the next hour would bring.

What wonder that in court that day the Resident Magistrate's hands trembled with the strain! What wonder that the lack of official utterance was filled by wild conjectures and rumors of terror!

"All the Metropolitan Police have gone out, God bless 'em, because they wouldn't charge the Volunteers." "Dublin is under martial law." "The Irish Guards are confined to their barracks in London with the Artillery trained on them." "No, 'tis the Irish Lancers in Dublin, for refusing to fight the Volunteers."

In the midst of rumors like these, I found Tralee on my return. Groups of men gathered along the streets talking in tones so low that they interfered not at all with the air of strained, expectant silence that hung over the town. Then from a side street sounded the steady beat of a drum, and the Irish Volunteers appeared, a long column of several hundred, preceded by Boy Scouts in fours. They marched with stern, set faces, between the silent, staring crowds. Irish faces are even more expressive than Irish tongues. These Volunteers looked as if they were gazing into the eyes of death. They were unarmed and half-drilled, and they knew not whether the next hour would call them to die, even perhaps to die in vain, for a country again enslaved. If so, there was no disputing the will of God. All this one read in the tense faces of the men who passed.

By Tuesday noon the tension was broken. News of Harrel's suspension,¹¹ of the speeches in Parliament, and of the Lord Mayor's demand concerning the Scottish Borderers, brought reassurance.

"God bless him!" they said of the Mayor, "but he's the grand character altogether."

With the reaction came hope, praise of the Volunteers for their courage and discipline at Howth, and the belief that the Dublin affair might even be turned to good uses.

"Sure, but bloodshed of anyone is always a terrible thing," said a small shopkeeper, "but 'tis the mercy of the Almighty it happened in Dublin instead of Belfast. For then they'd all have been sympathizin' with the Carsonites instead of with the Nationalists. And 'twill mean a hundred thousand recruits for the Volunteers."

A villager several miles from Tralee confirmed this statement. "Our Volunteers was gettin' discouraged like, with nothing happening, and their drillmaster leaving because he was a pensioner and couldn't afford to lose his pension. But on Monday night two hundred recruits came to join, and now that they have a few rifles, they're doin' fine."

For on Tuesday night rifles came into Kerry. Many were the gleeful tales of hoodwinking of police. In one small village twenty men appeared blind drunk in front of the village inn. They fought each other and insulted passersby. It took the four village policemen two hours to convey them to the place of detention; by that time arms were in.

In the county seat a double cordon of Volunteers surrounded the police barracks for two hours. The Head Constable commented later on the perfection of the manoeuvres. A prominent Unionist official was surrounded by fifty men, all in perfect order, and asked to go home. He went, and to his surprise was given a rousing cheer. "Why should we be hissing anyone," they explained later, "when we had things going our way."

¹⁰ Augustine Birrell (1850-1933), Chief Secretary for Ireland in the Asquith government.

¹¹ William Vesey Harrel, Assistant Commissioner of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, 1902-1914.

All Tuesday I had spent in the country on a drive between a small village where a market was in progress, and a fishing village of incredibly poor houses, recently bought by the Congested Districts Board for improvement. Kerry life had resumed its wonted course; my driver, a village shopkeeper, acquainted with every peasant and fisherman, ventured to grow light-hearted.

"Good morning to ye sergeant," he called as we met a policeman; "and is it many rifles ye've been takin' this mornin'?"

"Ah, it might be a dozen or two," said the sergeant. "'Tis to Cromane I'll be goin' now for guns."

"Sure, the yacht is up at the pier, and the rifles will all be off," said the driver.

"It's too late I am, is it? Likely then I'll be meetin' them on the road." And he went on.

"Ah, the police is different now to what they were altogether," said the driver. "Sleuth hounds like they used to be, and dirty beggars, but now there's some very dacint men amongst them. 'Twas a friend of myself was tellin' me yesterday how destroyed they are with marching out to Cromane every night to look for gun-running, and a good four mile it is. 'I'll have nothing to say to the Volunteers,' says he; 'a fine lot of boys altogether, but 'tis murdered for sleep we are with those damned guns.'"

We stood beside the coast guard station at Cromane, a large, massive building set in a village of hovels. He indicated it with a gesture. "See how grand are the strongholds of England," he said, and was silent.

"'Tis not that I'd not be proud to be a British subject, but I want to see my land free," he continued in a tone of yearning affectionate patriotism that I thought had died out of the world. "And 'tis not that we've so much of a quarrel with the government of England, but we think we might be let rule ourselves a bit."

I turned the talk to the present Government. "The poor Liberal Government," he said, and commented on the rumors of foreign war, which were just then beginning to shift dangerously from Servia and Austria, to Austria and Russia. "If it isn't having the hardest career that any government for the next hundred years will be again through."

"Do you Irish Volunteers like the present Government, or do you think they've been weak about Ireland?"

"They could have been stiffer with the army," he said, but immediately added: "And why shouldn't we love the Liberal Government! Sure 'tis no mean treatment they're givin' us. I've seen the time when a man might have had two months in jail for a-whistlin' of 'Harvey Duff,' and if he was seen drillin' once, 'twould have been two years. Ah, 'tis the grand thing that we should be goin' out to drill, and no man to hinder. It's fools we'd be not to love the Liberals for givin' us the fine liberty."

Then I began to perceive that free drilling is to the Irishman, so long deprived of the chance of soldiering for his own hearth, the same kind of symbol that free speech is to an Englishman, a thing beautiful and good in itself, not as a preparation for war, but as the badge of a free people.

The Volunteers mean to the Irishman, no mere military movement, but the awakening of national spirit and national pride. That is why in a little village of 800 souls, all peasants and fishermen, the collections at the church gate for the arms fund amounted to thirty pounds. The North was armed by donations of wealthy men. "Let them pay for it who'll make money from it," said an Ulster Volunteer in my hearing. But the South is armed by the pittances of the poor and by the children of the poor who went to America.

"The Irish Volunteers, it's the God-send to the country, miss," said a farm laborer. "For why? Ye get a bit of brotherhood into a hundred men when they're drilling together, and they'll stick to each other after."

“Sure Ireland has too much politics and too much factions altogether. There’s Redmondites and Carsonites and O’Brienites and more. And when we get a little progress, is it, out of one set, another set comes along and stops it, and the spirit is quenched out of us altogether.”

Perhaps half a dozen times he complained that the spirit was quenched. Yet we were passing a village of some fifty houses in which were a hundred Volunteers, and another village of a thousand souls with a hundred and twenty Volunteers, and he himself was one of seventy farm laborers who, spontaneously, with no leader, had contributed to hire a drillmaster for three drills a week. If this was “the spirit quenched,” what will the awakening be?

Three memories of Kerry will remain longest, as most typical of the spirit that lives in the Irishman of the southwest. The first is in the evening scene in the streets of Tralee when the first news of Dublin was still hot from the wires. Those files and files of Volunteers, with Boy Scouts in front, and the look of men who faced death on their faces! Unarmed men, in the midst of assailing rumors, confronting they knew not what, tense yet in perfect control, ready to go forward to whatever future God might decree.

The second is of a beautiful day at Killarney in an old Irish festival, when on a green field in the midst of wonderful mountains, rank on rank of Volunteers passed the reviewing stand before a tall man in ancient Irish costume, and a green flag with the Uncrowned Harp. Fingall pipers in the black and white kilts of that old Danish settlement led the way. Scattered among the thousands of spectators were men in green or saffron kilts and women in the graceful embroidered draperies of old Ireland. Thus Ireland links her latest hope of nationhood with the glories of her dim past. There were Volunteers from Limerick with wooden practice guns, and Volunteers with bandoliers, and, last of all, to a deafening shout, came Volunteers with rifles, brought in the night before. A woman turned to me in the crowd, “Sure, ‘twas the Almighty sent them to us, for to buck us up a bit.”

More intimate than either is the third memory. The villager who drove my jaunting car from Killorglin to Cromane, who introduced me to policemen, volunteers, fishermen and schoolmaster, who bought me postcards and commandeered for me all the posters and pamphlets which attracted my attention, and refused to accept pay because I had been sent by friends, led me at last to the village chapel. We stood in the aisle for a moment, while he pointed out the beauties of altar and windows. Then he dropped on his knees and said quite simply, “We’ll say our prayers now, for Ireland.”

“Nowhere, I think, but in Ireland could it have happened. To an acquaintance of an hour, from a foreign land, he had offered freely and without embarrassment the hospitality of village, of market and of pleasant talk; now he added to these quite naturally a hospitable share in the best he had — his faith. We knelt in the village chapel and, with different forms but to the same God, prayed — for Ireland, for the speedy coming of Home Rule, and for peace.

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Sidney Webb (1859-1947) was born in London and educated in the law at Birkbeck, University of London. With his wife, Beatrice, he established the London School of Economics. He was an accomplished writer in his own right (*Local English Government*, (1906), for example) and with Beatrice wrote many more volumes, including: *The History of Trade Unionism* (1894), *Problems of Modern Industry* (1898), *English Poor Law History* (1927), and *Methods of Social Study* (1932), among others.

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